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the rocks which surrounded us, according to precedent, we ought to have been. And, in fact, there was something about these great walls of rocks, softened and brightened by the sunlight for the Glen is wider here than in any other place that so completely filled one's ideal of the effect, that the imagination rested content, and would not have added or altered anything.

We passed by cascade and rapid, and through the quiet Glen of the Pools, where the crystal water glides gently over the flat, table-like stones, from pool after pool. The popular theory of their formation is, that huge boulders have slowly worn away the softer rocks beneath, and that these have been displaced by some succeeding flood. In many parts of the Glen these boulders have been left in basins, which they have carved. But the Glen of the Pools is entirely free from them, and seems most to have been formed by some artificial agency, or, perhaps, from that design which we can sometimes trace in nature, when she throws such quiet tones into her most heroic expressions, out of compassion for the limited endurance of the human mind.

From the Glen of the Pools we passed through the Glen Difficult, with its shadowy precipices and many cascades. At times the sound of the falling waters was almost deafening. At the Narrow Pass we met a small party of tourists who had "done" the Glen, and were returning. Their voices sounded exceedingly weak and thin. Nevertheless, it was inspiring to know that we were nearly at the end of our journey. There was only another staircase to climb, another bridge to cross, around a sharp projection of rock, and we could go no farther. It is, perhaps, absurd to go as far as possible in such a place, but we modern anarchists, who worship rocks and streams, would consider ourselves forever disgraced if we should turn back in such a religious pilgrimage. This last glen is called the Glen Arcadia, perhaps from the not entirely delusive belief of its sponsors that mankind, supremely credulous, would believe that this was a fulfillment of its dreams. It was, at least, a very damp sort of a paradise, and for a moment I thought of contributing my own tears to the general moisture. But the sun, which had for some time been obscured by clouds, shone out cheerfully. We knew it was bright in the world above us, if we were in gloom below, and since then the analogous religious aspiration has come to me with the force of an actual experience.

With that thought before us, we wended our way back to the Glen House, where we found the carriage awaiting us. We drove up a pleasant, winding road to the top of the mountain, at each step losing indications of the Glen below us. We stopped, for a few moments, to look about us, and take a long, free breath of the fresh air, and a long, long look over the hills and lake and valley. It was more beautiful than the Glen itself. It was even more grand, I thought. I could not help silently rejoicing that the ordinary phases of nature were so peaceful and quiet, and that her heroic moods were somewhat inaccessible, and could be found now and then, as tragic events happen now and then in a lifetime.

W. C. BARTLETT, who has been a favorite contributor to the *Overland*, succeeds Bret Harte in the editorship of that magazine.

## MOZART'S REQUIEM.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A gloom had fallen on great Mozart's life :  
The spirits of wondrous melodies no more  
Pleaded with his for palpable being ; hope  
Had made him sudden farewells ; melancholy  
Lifted wide plumes of shadow o'er his dreams ;  
Fierce bodily pains had clutched him ; and death's hand  
Inexorably pointed to his grave.

In these dark hours a stranger, tall, black-robed,  
Sombre and pale of countenance, one morning  
Glided across the threshold of his room,  
Drew nearer, laid a purse of heavy gold  
Before the marvelling maestro, and at last  
Broke silence with monotonous voice and sad.  
Thither, he told, a friend had sent him, asking  
The requiem for one dead and dearly loved.  
Would Mozart weave its music and create  
Some passionate lamentation fit to seem  
An utterance of unutterable grief?

The maestro, bitterly smiling, answered then :  
"What time is given me to complete this dirge?"  
"One month," said the pale stranger. "I will try,"  
Mused Mozart, "but success I promise not ;"  
And hearing these few words, as he had come  
So noiselessly the stranger went.

Amazed,  
Mozart long pondered in his mind the wish  
Communicate thus weirdly, till a fire  
Warmed his weak pulses and the immortal rose  
Within the mortal. Eagerness for the work  
Possessed him, throngs of willing harmonies  
Re-wandering the labyrinths of his soul,  
As suddenly over still enormous tracts  
Of gale-abandoned forest wake once more  
The old murmurs, and colossal branches toss  
The slumbering starlight from their million leaves.

With power and will and fervor he began  
Fulfillment of his promise, but the month  
Had passed not ere a violent malady  
Seized his frail frame and forced him from the work :  
And on the very morning that he rose,  
Reprieved of death a little longer, came  
The stranger to demand the requiem.  
"Give me a second month," the maestro said,  
"And if God spares me I will keep my word.  
Nobly begun, I would not hastily end  
A task that lifts me to sublimest aims."

Whereat the stranger, with inscrutable face,  
Calm, cold, unsympathetic, from beneath  
His massive gloomy cloak drew forth a purse  
Less heavy than the last, and slowly said :  
"An hundred ducats I have given ; I give  
For added labor this half-hundred more ;"  
And turning passed from Mozart's sight. But he,  
Calling a servant, bade him stealthily  
Pursue the whither of this curious man,  
And while the servant hurried to obey,  
A ghostly thought took shape in Mozart's brain.

And when the messenger brought back a tale  
Of having with good zeal pursued until  
The stranger, at a crossing of two streets,  
Abruptly had faded from his vigilance,  
He knew not how — then Mozart's ghostly thought  
Wore settled colors of conviction. Strong  
Within him was belief that he had seen  
The presence of no earthly guest. "I write,"  
Often he murmured afterward, "the music  
Of mine own burial dirge. 'Tis death's command."

For days exaltedly he strove to tell,  
With language of divinent cadences,  
The infinite agony of some widowed heart,  
Mourning the irreparable. His fine skill  
Gathered all sorrowful sounds — wild chords or sweet ;  
Thrillingly plaintive peals ; low interludes ;  
Ripples of light faint echo soft as tears,  
And thunderous throbs of bass, to meet and form  
One vast incomparable solemnity.  
Genius had grown his vassal while he toiled,  
And beckoned him, with queenly hand, to follow  
The guiding glory of her wings, till star-like,  
In white illimited amplitudes of dawn  
She gleamed and vanished . . . .

Then a darkness fell

Across the maestro's vision, and he lay  
Prone, effortless in death, his high task ended,  
Having within its mighty music made  
The unrivalled requiem of his own grand soul.

## UNDER THE SKETCHING UMBRELLA.

EDMUND CLARE.

THE landscape artist who would wear the laurel, must seek for it in the fields. He may deck his brow with the leaves of hothouse shrubs, but they soon wither and fall. They never have the freshness of those gathered on the hillside, with the dew on them. Artists, with some talent, many photographs, and a large stock of assurance, sometimes manage to keep their complexions white, and their purses well filled, for a season ; but that season is pretty certain to be a short one. The idol of a day is broken by some stern iconoclast in the name of truth ; while the fickle worshippers forget the image they have bowed down before. I do not wish to decry photography. So much of the beautiful and true has been revealed to us through its instrumentality. We sit by our firesides and have the treasures of the old world laid at our feet, and yet I cannot but feel that of all the stumbling blocks the art student has to encounter, the camera is the most dangerous. It is so apt to trip hurrying feet, and young feet always move impatiently. "The new runs where the old creeps," cries the young heart. "The new bridges the depths the old passes through ;" but the answer of those on the hill tops beyond, is, that "only through the depths comes perfection, and no bridge can span them." To many careless souls the photograph seems to be the bridge that touches the other shore, and so scornful of the winding mountain paths, they step boldly upon the trembling planks. That bridge stretches out into the mists, but does not reach across. To drop the figure, what is the result of this dependence upon the photograph? The skillful sweep of pencil or brush that shows the master's hand never comes to him who lets the camera do the hard work. It would be just as reasonable for a man to expect to become a good gymnast by putting a substitute in training. An unused muscle refuses to act as does any unused faculty, and the cunning hand is the busy hand. If an artist makes a careful study of any object with brush or pencil, it is more or less firmly impressed upon his memory, for it requires a mental effort to master it. Let him copy the same object from a print or photograph, and it makes as little impression as the fall of a snowflake on an ice field.

The first thing for an artist to learn is how to paint facts — hard, unpoetical facts. That is the grammar of art, and to your aspiring student is tedious and unsatisfactory. This work is the "I love, thou lovest," of the grammar, and as empty of meaning ; but the grammar scholar may sometime be a lover, and he is learning to tell his love.

Art study, that is, the simple training of hand and eye, must not, as it too often is, be confounded with art work, or, to be more explicit, picture making. The aim of the art student should be to put the simple truth on paper or canvas in the simplest, the most direct manner. He need

trouble himself but little about a masterly execution. The bold, assured student work is not always, not often, indeed, the most promising. A certain degree of timidity, of hesitation, is often an indication of the deepest artistic insight. The finest feeling, a recognition of the unattainable, the doubt, the desire that never leaves the true artist. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Leonardo Da Vinci, one of the greatest of draughtsmen, was four years mastering the expression that makes Mona Lisa one of the immortal heads. He might have painted a likeness of the Florentine woman in a very short time that would have satisfied Vandyke Brown or Chrome Green, or, probably, that lady's friend; but "the something yet beyond" lured the master on. Vandyke Brown draws the contour of a face with bold decision, and is satisfied. The subtle markings that would baffle the master do not trouble him, for his imperfect vision fails to recognize them. The superior soul perceives the veil between the finite and infinite, but strives forever for glimpses beyond. More of art is comprehended by that one word—seeing—than most people are apt to think. It is hard for a man to understand why he cannot see as clearly as his better trained neighbor, when his eyes are perfectly sound, while, perhaps, his neighbor wears spectacles. Whatever is before the eye is, undoubtedly, reflected in that organ, if it is in its normal condition, but it may be, as in a mirror, leaving no more impression; while the mind of the man who is trained to see is like the sensitive plate in a camera, whatever is reflected in the eye leaves a picture in the brain. Then, again, we see what we seek. The farmer sees, on the broad hillsides, arable lands and firewood, while the artist notes the curve of the hilltop, the broken tints of the open fields, and the dark spires of the pines against an evening sky. Now, the artist who depends upon the photograph learns to see but superficially. All the mysteries of the beautiful are a sealed letter to him. A stone wall, with vines clambering over it, and moss on the stones, the photograph may give with absolute fidelity; but some distant glen, with an old homestead revealed in glimpses through the overhanging elms, and with the thin smoke-wreaths from its chimneys rising against the delicate purple tints of a morning sky, baffles the camera. Everything is there in its place, but the beauty and the mystery are lost.

The simple fact that an artist has put a card on his door, "Out of town for the summer," and sits certain hours of the day under a sketching umbrella, industriously making lines and patches of color, is not, necessarily, evidence that he is working to the best advantage. Misdirected labor in the field may be of less value than careful study of photographs in the studio. If an artist sits down before an elm or an oak, thoughtlessly copying trunk, branch and leaf, without recognizing the difference in character of the two trees, he has learned but little, certainly. Every tree has a

character peculiar to itself as surely as the man who attempts to put it upon canvas. They are governed by certain laws of growth, often warped from the original design by circumstances, but preserving that character through all. How differently, in different trees, the branches spring from the trunk. The oak, with upward impulses, is constantly dragged earthwards, and the whole tree is a record of an unconquerable struggle. The elm springs up as gracefully as a fountain jet, drooping its outer branches and light foliage in courtesy to its mother earth. The poplar, stiff, prim, precise, the very puritan of trees, strives upward, mindful only of itself, and granting little shelter or shade; while the willow is the very image of humility. It is the same with land and sky and water. What an infinite variety of cloud forms and tints, and yet a great many artists plod along their way with two or three sky patterns, warranted to suit all their pictures. Such men



AMANDA AT HER MOTHER'S GRAVE.—F. O. C. Darley.

have too little of the divine longing in their souls to be lifted higher. They learn one particular kind of sky, probably with little meaning in it, and the poor, timid souls are afraid they couldn't paint another as well. They might lose the sale of a picture, and so they trot around in a circle like a kitten chasing its tail, and purr contentedly. It is human to fail, but it is divine to strive. The struggles of the oak have made it the monarch of the forest. I have laid a good deal of stress upon the necessity of realistic study, not that realistic work is the best, but for the reason that only through the knowledge gained in that way can one master the higher art,—the interpretation of nature's moods. What a man thoroughly knows he can generally manage to make manifest in some way, and the world is glad to hear, even if his speech be halting, his utterance thick. That suggests the fact that an over-skillful hand some-

times runs away with head and heart, as Dorè's work too frequently illustrates. Knowledge and love, and a patient hand, an artist needs. Skillful execution will not atone for want of purpose, or a bad motive, although it sugar coats a great deal of poison that the world takes. Easy, confident handling possesses a great charm for students, and well it may, if it means anything; but any line or patch of color that has no meaning, however free and masterly in itself, is utterly bad.

The early, boyish sketches of an artist frequently show a certain freedom and artistic feeling that is often lost, in some degree, during his early and severe studies; for in the early stages of his art education, accuracy is the one thing aimed at, and in striving to attain to that his manner becomes more or less hard and dry. It is no cause for discouragement. The boldest, strongest painters, men whose power and freedom of touch excite our admiration, have followed the same path. That boldness and freedom comes from knowledge gained by careful, painstaking, dry study.

The last and greatest triumph of an artist is to interpret, truly, nature's moods. To her lovers, she is a coy, changeful mistress, but the true lover would not have her always the same. Look at a single scene. A level stretch of meadow land, covered with sedgy grass. Shallow pools of water here and there reflecting the blue of a cloudless sky; a few stunted trees on the higher ground, at the left, and in the distance a low, dim line of hills. You turn away from that. It is a barren subject for a picture. But look again. It is evening. The trees stretch darkly athwart the western sky; dark blue now, melting into green, and pale gold and russet, till it touches the duskiness of the hills. The pools reflect and repeat the gold and russet of the sky, the sedgy grass cutting sharply across their rims. Above the dark outlines of the trees you can see, faintly, the silver crescent of the new moon, and showing darkly against the dull, evening glow, a belated waterfowl floats silently by. I cannot put it into words. Vandyke Brown may try to paint it.

FLOWERS, in-doors and out, furnish one of the cheapest, most available, and, at the same time, most effective means for adding to the charm and beauty of home. They can be trained in a score of ornamental and unique ways; in hanging baskets, on trellises, in shells, over pictures, and around the walls. While the rich can decorate their sumptuous feasts with rare exotics from the conservatory, the poor can add beauty to the plainest meal by *living bouquets*, in the form of some favorite rose-plant or fuschia, growing in all its rare loveliness. How many tired heads can be rested, how many aching hearts soothed, how many eyes gladdened by constant intercourse with these floral angels! How often might the demons Impatience, and Fretfulness, and Evil Thoughts, be exorcised by the pure spirit that dwells in the heart of a rose! ROLLO RAMBLER.